Dark night hir tent once more unfurled, on lowers first-century home.

Upon the marble heart of the world—the great grand city of Rome.

And hushed at leat were the chariot-tires, and hushed at leat were the chariot-tires, and diumnod tenudated feet.

And diumnod tenudated feet.

And to a root a makion came, with eyes as angels love.

And 10 a roof a malien came, with eyes as angels
iovo
Amilooked up at the spheres of flame that so tly glosuned above.

She gazed stellem with a misry eye, and spoke,
In accents sad:
One god-birks of the sky! if ever a voice
you god-birks of the sky! if ever a voice
you god-birks of the sky! if ever a voice
is used to firm a palsy stroke, and deaf, as
well as b ind?
Whe must e'er the heaviest yoke be placed
on woman kind?
Why should the solace of man's heart be oft his
meanest slave?
Why is her life e'er tern apart, by those she has
boiled to save?

bolled to save?

Why should the moid of the human race begrashed and thrown away.

Whenever it facts the outward gaze that woose
the stronger clay.

Why must the mothers of men be bought and
the beast that die?

Why and the beast that die?

Why are the property of little or naught, and
burred of all groups of little or naught, and
why are we weemen of thome e'er told that we
should hoppy be,
should not kept like flocks in fold, as those
across the sea?

"Have we no heart? Have we no mind? Must not our conscience sneak?"

Say, must our south be dumb or blind, because the beauth of the because of the heart of the beauth of the beauth of the heart of the sky-if over a voice you had?"

Voice you had?

Then from the cast a new, bright star flashed to have flashing ore,
And seemed to speak to her from afar, with soft same at the speak to her from afar, with soft same standard or the seemed to speak to her the seemed to speak to be seemed to seemed t

All women a queen the world will see, whose reign doth o'er endure;
All women shall His sister; be whose ways are just and pure;
A woman's fault shall not be her death, by men or angele seen;
Ropentance and His God-strewn breath shall grandly step between.
A woman's fame, by merit wen, shall add to her queenly grace, queenly grace.

And higher, as the years murch on, shall be been destined place.

destinct place.

'And four great words the world shall see, in weven with man's life.

Mot er and elster two shall be—and two by its shall be felt that the whose care the lamp of thrife makes burn.

Can take with him an equal share of all their lives may earn;

That she whose soit and bealing hand can southe with bloosing bright as olosis great, and true, and grand than he who leads the fight.

Like one who, through the woods may grope till light comes to his eyes. The maidou thrilled the new-born hope, and acts it is gird surprise; The voice of the size who understood—its glorious

And voice of the star and understood—its glorious meaning know;

And all her droams of weinan's good seemed likely to come true.

And shen again the twilight gray was brightered by the morn,

Within a manger, far away, the infant Christ was born.

HE WISHED TO INQUIRE.

BY MARY PARRISH

One bright, beautiful summer morning, John Malcolm was sitting in an invalid's chair, on the piazza on his handsome country-seat, which overlooked the Hadson River, a short distance from New York. He was in a decidedly bad humor, and the sound of a world, fresh voice, singing a pretty

tance from New York. He was in a decidedly bad humor, and the sound of a sweet, fresh voice, singing a pretty love ballad, seemed to excite his ire still further.

"Lula, will you stop that everlasting yelling, and come out here a moment?" he called, angrily.

"What can I do for you, papa?" And the owner of the voice, a bright, sauey-faced, a stractive young girl, stepped through the low, open French window to his side, and stroked his hair loving-ly, with her soft, white hand, while looking quizzically into his face. "I always know you are feeling worse, papa, when you stigmatize my musical efforts as 'everlasting yelling.'" And she laughed, a gay, infectious little laugh, that brought an answering smile to her father's face. For, in sp. 45. of his apparent ill-nature, that was more the result of a temporary physical suffering than a land disposition, John Malcolm dearly loved this bright, piquant, accomplished daughter of his.

"Are there no letters for me this morning?" he questioned, and, receiving a negative reply, he continued, impatiently: "There, those horses are standing in the stable, and no one whom I could trust to exercise them, while I am bound hand and foot with this confounded rheumatism! That man whôm Jones promissed to send ought to have been here last night, and there's not a sign of him yet, nor any letter explaining the delay."

them.
'Ho was a tall, muscular, rather hand-

showed evidence of considerable wear.
As he approached he doffed his hat, and was about to address them, when Mr. Maleolm exclaimed, irately:
"So you have arrived at last, have you? Why didn't you come last night, as you arread to?"

your why daint you come has night, as you agreed to?"

The stranger's face flushed hotly, and he leoked from Mr. Malcolm to this daughter, with a puzzled air.

"I beg your pardon," he began;

"No excuses, sir, if you please," said Mr. Malcolm, testily; "for I've uo doubt you have a string of them ready."

"But," persisted the stranger, "I only wish to inquire—"

"Yes, yes; I understand," again interrupted Mr. Malcolm, more impatiently, "and it isn't necessary to talk all day. If you do your work half as well as Jones says you will I shall be satisfied. But remember, I won't keep you a day if you drink. My other coachman drank, and it cost him his place. Now, call the gardener and let kim show you to the stables. As soon as possible, harness up the team and give them a good exercising. By the as possible, herness up the team and give them a good exercising. By the by, what is your name?" was added, as the young man turned away pursuant to his orders.

"Fred Davis," was the reply, after a momentary hesitation, which Miss Malcolm was quick to detect.

"Well, papa," said sho, as the young man's form vanished around the corner of the house, "your meanure trightened.

of the house, "your manner frightened that poor fellow so that he nearly forgot his name. He must think you a perfect trant."

"If he remains long enough with us

perfect tyrant."

"I' he remains long enough with us he will find out who is the tyrant," resorted Mr. Malcolm, jocularly. "Now, Lulu, my dear, if you have time, please

read me a few items of newe before lunch, and afterward you can ride to the villags and see if there is a letter from young Moreland. It is about time for him to pay that long-promised visit.

time for min to parties.

While Lulu is engaged with her father, we will follow the new coach-

father, we will follow the new coachman.

When out of the presence of Mr. Malcolm and his daughter, his lips gave way to an anused smile, which gradually deepened into a broad laugh.

"Well, Fred, old boy," he said to himself, "this is a transformation with a vengeance! You have been turned into a coachman, willy nilly. A good joke on me, that will be relished exceedingly by the boys, if they ever get hold of it! So, that is Miss Malcolm. A very attractive young lady, indeed, and no better opportunity than this will ever offer itself for me to win the affections of a woman for myself

this will ever offer itself for me to win the affections of a woman for myself alone. So here goes."

Arriving at the stables, Davis, as he was styled by his employer, made friends with the horses intrusted to his care, and, understandinghorse-flesh as well as he did, soon had them under perfect control.

as well as he did, soon had them under perfect control.

Mr. Malcolm congratulated himself more and more each succeeding day upon the acquisition of such a valuable servant, for, as far as he could learn, this man did not seem to have a single one of the petty vices common among that class of men. When he had finished his duties for the day, he would

ished his duties for the day, he would take a book, and, straying away from the other servants to a large grapearbor that was on the side of the house near the nusic-room, where Lain spent much of her time, he would soon appear to be deeply engrossed with his roading.

One day Miss Malcolm, strolling through the arbor, came upon Davis as he sat poring over his book. When he became aware of her greeenee, he arose hastily, and in doing so dropped his book, which fell at her feet before he had time to recover it. She was astonished to see that it was a standard French novel in the original.

"Do you read French, Davis?" she

watches!, with admiration, the display of skill and strength which the driver used to subdue the maddened steeds. Suddenly one of the reins snapped in two, and the horses veered slightly. In an instant the carriage was upset and the occupants thrown to the ground.

Lulu was stunned for a moment, and upon recovering herself found that she had been thrown upon the driver, and thus been saved serious injury; while he lay intensible with an ugly gash in his forehead from a stone, which his head had come in contact with when he fell.

fell.

Lulu stanched the blood with her handkerchief and carefully bandaged his head. Then she made a successful attempt to restore him to consciousness by the use of sal volatile, which she chanced to have with her.

Davis opened his eyes at last, much to her relief

to her relief

"Thank heaven you are not dead!"
she exclaimed fervently. "I began to
think you were never going to open
your eyes again. Do you think you
could walk a little presently? for, if
so, we will proceed toward home. I
have no doubt we shall be met by some
one that papa will send to find us as
soon as the horses arrive with whatever may be left of the phacton,"

"I can at least try," he responded, as
he attempted to arise, but a groan of
pain escaped him, and he fell back half
fainting, as he exclaimed: "My leg is
broken! I cannot move it!"

"Oh, what shall we do? I shall have
to leave you here while I go for assistance," cried Lulu, in great distress.

"No," said Davis, decidedly, "you
shall not go alone through these woods.
It would not be safe. We will remain
quietly here until some one comes,
which can not now be long."

"But you suffer, and the delay may
do you harm," she remonstrated.

"I suffer less knowing that you are
safe by my side," he returned. "A little
while ago you thanked heaven that I
lived. Lulu, darling, was it because
you return the love which you must
know that I bear for you? "Trust we
know that I bear for you?" "Thank heaven you are not dead!"

ose hastify, and in doing so dropped so book, which fell at her feet before had time to recover it. She was as simished to see that it was a standard rench novel in the original.
"Do you read French, Davis?" she of my menial position.



AS HE APPROACHED HE DOFFED HIS HAT,

inquired.

"Yes, Miss Malcolm," he replied, respectfully. "I an ambitions of becoming something more than a coachman, and use all my leisure moments to improve my mind."

"Your ambition is a landable one, Davis," replied Lulu, approvingly, her respect instinctively rising for the man. "We have an extensive library, and if the use of the books would aid you any in your desire to advance yourself, I know that papa will lend you any you may name."

"Thank you kindly, Miss Malcolm, for the interest you evince in one whose position is so lowly. If you would not feel offended at my request, I would like you to choose the books that you consider the most instructive for an inquiring mind."

"Yery well, Davis, I will select some

"Very well, Davis, I will select some books for you, and leave them on the hall table, where you can got them at

hall table, where you can got them at your pleasure."

Then Lulu returned thoughtfully to the house, where she informed her father of the incident, and of her promise to lend the books.

"I tell you what, papa," said she, "I predict that our coachman is a budding genius, perhaps a future President," and she laughed merrily. "Who knows but some day he might make you a foreign minister, to repay me for directing his studies?"

"Well, Lulu I, should not be sure."

dayli to have been here last night, and there's not a sign of him yet, nor any letter explaining the delay."

"Well, papa, I think you had better agree to my plan, and let me drive them myself until you can get some one clse," said Lulu.

"You! Lot you drive those.—" And here Mr. Malcolm stopped, breathless, at the mero proposition of such a mad caprice. "Do you want to be brought home with a broken neck?" he managed to cjaculate, with a gasp.

Lulu laughed gayly at her father's consternation, and was about to reply when she was interrupted by the sudden appearance of a young man before them.

"The management of the incident, and of her promise to lend the books.

"I tell you what, papa, said she, "I predict that our coachman is a budding genius, perhaps a future President, "and she laughed merrily. "Who knows but some day he might make you a foreign minister, to repay me you a foreign minister, to repay me way a law after this conversation.

"Well, Lulu, I should not be surprised." Mr. Malcolm replied. "The fellow has always puzzled me, any way," he continued, thoughtfully. "He is always respectful, and in the seems used to giving orders, instead of reciving there."

Some way is after this conversation. stead of rec iving them."

stead of rec. iving them."

Some weeks after this conversation, Lulu ordered the phaeton brought around, as she was about to take a drive of some miles to call upon some friend. Davis was to accompany her. For some reason that she dared not own to herself, she was always pleased at the prospect of a long drive with him, for he was one of the most congenial companions she had ever had. He seemed able to converse fluontly upon all topics, and often astonished her with the extent of his

ished her with the extent of his information. She had to confess to herself that, among all her male acquaintances, there was not one to compare with him in refinement and gentlemanliness of bearing.

The proposed visit was made. On their way home, they were passing through a piece of woods, a gun was discharged near at hand, the horses were frightened, and, becoming unmanageable, dashed away at the top of their speed.

were frightened, and, becoming unmanageable, dashed away at the top of their speed.

Lulu's terror was extreme, and sho was preparing to spring from the phaeton, when Davis, divining her intention, dexterously wound the reins about his hand, and throwing his arm around her drew her close to his side.

"Lulu, varling, trust me!" he said, turning a pule, set face toward her for an instant. "Promise that you will not again try to jump out, and I will save you unhurt.

"I will trust you," she replied, with a strange throb of pleasure at her heart as she realized the import of his first exclamation.

"Thank you for saying that," he said, as he turned once more toward her for

as he turned once more toward her for an instant. "Now, clasp my arm tightly, and keep as close to me as possible, for the road is bad here, and I need both my hands to guide the horses." Silently Lulu did as he bade, and

"Am I less a gentioman," he continued, seeing her hesitate, "because circumstances forced me to accept the first position that offered itself? Will you not trust me, Lulu?"

"Yes, Fred, I will trust you, because I love you. But you must be prepared for unyielding opposition from my father, which I shall not promise to combat; for he would not have the same incentive for throwing aside his social prejudice which I have,"

Fred drew the fair face to his, and kissed the sweet lips that had answered him so fully, bravely and frankly.

"Believe me," he prophesied, "your father will not prove so obdurate as you think; and it will not be long before he will give you into my keeping."

For a while longer they talked, as all lovers will talk, and then there came the rescuing party they had expected.

Fred was lifted carefully into the bigs.

pected.

Fred was lifted carefully into the big, roomy family coach that had been sent along, with pillows and blankets in case they should be needed.

He was made as comfortable as possible, and borne to Mr. Malcolm's house, where Lulu directed that a bed should be prepared for his reception.

The fellowing morning Fred sent a request that he would like to see Mr. Malcolm and his daughter on important business as soon as they were at leisure.

tant business as soon as they were at leisure.

They visited him at once, and found him bolstered up in bed and feeling much better than was expected. Mr. Malcolm, who was still lame and suffering from his prolonged attack of rhounatism, was assisted to a chair near the bed, and, after kindly greeting his servant, said:

is servant, said:
"What can I do for you, Davis, this

"You can give me your daughter as my wife," Davis said, boldly, as he took Lulu's hand in his.

"Sir, you insult me!" exclaimed Mr. Malcolm, as he gazed angrily at the young man.

young man.

"And yet-you invited me here for the express purpose of seeking her for my wife," answered the other, coolly, and even smilingly.

"You are mad! I never saw you before in my life!" was the astonished re-

fore in my life!" was the astonished reply.

"Is not that your hand-writing? and did you not send me that invitation?" passing the elder man a letter as he spoke.

"It is certainly my hand-writing, but I cannot understand how you come by this letter," was the amazed reply.

"And I am Fred Davis Moroland, at your service," was the quiet reply.

"The day I came I was not certain that I was in the right place, and before I could question you, you mistook me for the expected coachman, and would not allow me to explain misters; so, for the expected coachman, and would not allow me to explain matters; so, acting upon a whim of finding out if I could obtain favor in a certain lady's eyes without the advantage that wealth confers, I accepted the position you forced upon me, and for which I shall always be exceedingly grateful to you. It has enabled me to win the love of your daughter and her promise to become my wife, provided I could gain your consent."

You Fred More and! How could I "You Fred More and! How could I be so stupid as not to recognize you by the strong resemblance you hear to your father? Can you forgive the ill-temper that prevented your explanation? Lulu, what shall I say to him? continued Mr. Malcolm, turning help-lessly to his daughter, who was just as much surprised as he by the disclosure. "I think the only course left is to second to his demands," was the demure

reply. "It is only a just indemnity for

his wrongs."

That the advice was acted upon was proved by the wedding which followed a few months later. If the promises are falfilled it will be an unusually happy one.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS.

A FALSE start—An elopement. A screw-driver-The engine of a A TIME-TABLE—The watch dealers price list.

PROMISSORY notes are frequently classed as paper-waits.

A LADY invited to a party sent her regrets. Her husband came.

regrets. Her nusband came.

There promises to be a great deal ofback talk in the phonograph,

Time never flice so fast as when you are playing billiards by the hour.

They call it a "duok of a bonnet" because there is so much bill to it.

The way for a doctor to become walf.

THE way for a doctor to become well known is to make his patients well.

"THERE are no flies on me," said a stage after the theater burned down.

A wise man will never lift a lid off a hot stove with his fingers more than

To the youth struggling with an incipient mustache the darkest hour is just before the "down."

just before the "down."

"I WILL now put on my falls suit," said the guide at Niagara as he prepared to go under the cataract.

ALL the New York papers are complaining that our gold is going abroad. It can probably afford the trip.

A GIRL may not see much in her sweetheart to laugh at, but his mustache is pretty sure to tickle her.

We will either have to quit taking wood on subscription or lose a good deal of confidence in human nature.

THERE is only the difference of an a

THERE is only the difference of an between woman's weakness and man's weakness: One is gossip and the othe is go sip.

Social philosopher—Is marriage a failure? Furniture man—Great Scot No. I've made \$3,000 this year on baby coaches alone.

coaches alone.

A PASHION exchange says: "Bangs are again in order." Some of them are not. In fact, we've seen some very much out of order.

"JOHN, you are not l'stening to one word I am saying." "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."

The phonograph shows that a man's voice has not the same sound to himself that it has to others, thus finally explaining why some people persist in singing. singing.

BLINKS-Think your wife would object to having you go off duck shooting with me? Jinks.—I'm afraid she would if I asked her, but I'll tell my little son to order her to let me go. She always obeys him obeys him.
SHE—Now you know there is no

SHE—Now you know there is no use for you to go out and see a man this time, like you do at home. You don't know a soul in the city. He—No, I don't know a soul, but I expect to meet a few spirits I am acquainted with.

"GEORGE, deer, what a beautiful diamond butterfly! I looks ready to fly,"
"I don't see why it wants to fly," growled George. "Heavon knows it's high enough now. The roll-plate counter is at the other end of the store. Come on."

counter is at the other end of the store. Come on."

Visiton (to press-rooms of a newspaper)—Why, dear me, what a lot of machinery you have in this room!

Pressman—Yes, V.—And what a big boiler you have there, P.—It is a big boiler, V.—Is that the boiler you use for boiling down your dispatches.

CASHIER (stopping Mr. Dumley)—By the way, Dumley, I see that your bank account is overdrawn to the tune of \$150. Dumley—All right, old man; if you send a boy down to my office with a statement of the whole business, I'll give you a check for the amount.

"Au," said Mr. Scour, late, grimly, as he adjusted his necktic, "we 'ave to put hup with the airs of these society people hall day; but when evenink comes, me boy, they show wot the truly gentsel is by puttink on the dress that we wear all day!" "That's so," replied Mr. Crumbeloth with a grave nod, "You 'ave a great 'ead, Tunmis; we waiters be the real lea-lers of fashion."

Hostess—I must apologize for the salad to-night. We waiter soil as in the salad to-night.

waiters be the real leaders of fashion."

Hostess—I must apologize for the salad to-night. My parlor maid usually makes the dressing, and is an adopt at it, but she was taken suddenly ill this afternoon and couldn't make it. Mrs. Asinine (sympathetically)—How very provoking. Hostess—Yes; I tried to dose her well, but it was of no use. She was quite hors du combat. Mrs. Asinine(more sympathetically)—Is that so? My unfailing remedy for that is peppermint.

THREE ASTERS. Near her casal, graceful, dainty, Doftly touching, here and they First he saw her somewing pain But, for all that, passing fair, And she painted fast and faster, At a golden China Aster.

At a golden China Aster.
Oft he came and ste od benile her,
While her blushes came and wont,
And she took his word touch ther,
For he seemed on love intent.
Welcome glances thou he cast her,
He, descendant of an Astor, Ho, descendant of in Astor, Christmas came ther little token Was a citing of golden flowers On a cauvas. Love unspoken Switt recalled their happ hour. Heart and pulse allike tent fast: r So he just spunked up in I as t he

Timid Gas Lamps.

Timid Gas Lamps.

The gas furnished the city of San Antonio is of a very inferior quality, and consequently the streets are very poorly lighted, but the street lamps are allowed to burn until after daylight. A stranger asked a prominent druggist:

"Why do the gas lamps burn all night in this town?"

"Pecause dose gash lights vas so

night in this town?"
"Pecause dose gash lights vas so small dot dey vas afrail to go out ven it vas dark."—Texas Siftings.

Observations. We suspect that the Keely motor is

A Boston man is proud he never ecognizes himself in a mirror that A Boston man is proud he never recognizes himself in a mirror that test less than \$200.

It is said that some of Wm. M. Evarts' sent nees are so long that commutation would be a simple act of justice.—Detroit Free Press.

Especially If It Were a Cigarette. Bootblack—Cully, I know why dat sigar won't smoke.

Newshoy—Why is it, Duffy?
Bootblack—'Case sumpin's do matter wid do sucker.—Yankee Blade.

Ax inquirer in search of the truth mys: "We are told that the devil sends tooks; but who is it that sends cookbooks?" If the cook is of the female tender it must be the corner policeman, —St. Louis Magazina.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.



Such beautiful, beautiful hands:
Though heart was werry and sad,
Though heart was werry and sad,
Though the term of the same to the same
That, the same the same
That, the same the same
To childhood's distant day,
I think how these hands rested not
When mine were at their play.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands i They re growing feeble new, For time and pain have left their mark On hand and heart and brow. Ans, dass it the nearing time, And the sad, and day to me, When meath the dashes, out of sight, These hands will folded be.

But oh! beyond this shadow-land, Where all is bright and fair, I know full well these doar old hands Will palms of yletory bear, Where crystal streams throughendless years, Flow over golden sands And where the old grow young again, I'll clasp my mother's hands.

Glutton Ben

There was a very greedy bey—
They called him dilution hen;
His appetite was large enough
For half a dozen men.
One Christman night he ate and ate
From eight o'eleck to ten;
And when he cropt to bed, felks thought
He'd ne'er get up again.

A dozon yelling savazos Rode o er the mountain crost; An eagle from the sky cropt down And bore him to her nest; And then a doughty dayman dumped A hogshead on his breast; Twas thus the hortful nightmares Broke in upon his rost.

His face grow pallfd in its pain,
lifs legs they were up-bent;
The dector felt his throbbing pulse
With attitude intent,
"A surfeit of plum pudding, this,"
Was his blunt comment;

A Nest of Mice.

A little colored boy in South Carolina nade an attempt to write an excuse to his eacher for his absence as follows: "Dear tifectionately Teacher: Ise sorry I couldn't come to school on Friday. but I couldn't cause it rain and dat's de way it go in dis world. If de Lord shut de door, no man can open de door. If de Lord sav 'it rain,' no men stop it rain. But de Lord, he do all things well. And you oughn't to growl about it."

Depends When the Girl Is Born,

If a girl is born in January she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good temper.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife, and tender mother.

If in April inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy.

If in June, impotuous, will marry early and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a suny temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich.

If in Soptember, discreet, affable, and much liked. If in October, coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind and of a mild disposition.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.—St. Louis Republic.

"My dear boy," said a mother to her son, as he handed round his plate for more turkey, "this is the fourth time you have been helped."

"I know, mother," replied the boy, "but that turkey pecked me once, and I want to get aquare with him."

He get his turkey.—San Francisco Wasp.

Little Molly's Sarcas

DHAR FATHER—We are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter, Molly.—From the German.

Minister—You say a great many bright things, Bobby, don't you? Bobby—Not as many as I used to, Minister—Why not? Bobby—Slippers.—New York Sun,

A Hoston Child. Our little boy, 6 years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa:
"Who taught the first man his letters?"

—Boston Globe.

Nature's Diamonds, A million little diamonds
Twinkle on the troes,
And all the little maidens said,
"A lewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

Make a little fence of trush
Around to-day,
Fill the space with lowing works,
And therein stay;
Look not thro' the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow,
God will help three bear what comes,
If joy or serrow.

Gleanings

There is make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.—Angelo.

It is always good to know, if only in passing, a charming human being; it refreshes one like flowers and woods and clear brooks.—George Ediot.

This one thing we wish in the boy, is that he shall learn to come full-fronted to look us in the eye, and to feel a conscious manliness. God bloss a brave boy that dures to be truthful!—American Journal of Education.

The Schoolboy. We bought him a box for his books and toys, And a cricket bag for his bat; And he looked the brightest and best of boys Under his new straw hat.

We handed him into the rallway train
With a troop of his young compears,
And we made as though it were dust and rain
Were filling our eyes with tears. We looked in his impoent face to see The sign of a sorrowful heart; But he only shouldered his bat with glee, And wondered when they would start,

The provision of the pr

Handleapped.

Magazine Editor—I am gotting up a symposium on the aubject, "Is Marriage a Failure?" and I would much like to have an art'e'e from you.

Literary Man—On which side?

M. E.—I am most in need of an article on the affirmative.

Li. M.—Want me to pronounce marriage a failure?

HOUSEHOLD TOPICS.

An old subscriber writes to Test LEBORE in quest of information as to-how far garments are cleaned and renovated in Russis. According to a high authority, the following is the formula: Some rys flour is put into a pot and heated upon a stove, with constant stirring as long as the hand can bear the heat. The flour is then spread over the fur and rubbed into it. After this the fur is brushed with a very clean brush, or, better, is gently beaten until all the flour is removed. The fur thus resumes its natural luster and appears absolutely as if new.—Chicago Ledger. CLEANING BURS.

A DEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION.

To obtain a beautiful skin, one must diet properly. Butter, fat meat, and greasy food of every kind must be given up, so must claret and all kinds of wine, and milk or lemonade substituted. Fruits and vegetables should be eaten in abundance, rich candies and cake avoided, and pickles and acid food generally dispensed with. A woman who follows the above rules will find that the skin will become smooth and clear after several months have passed. Of course the dioting must be thorough and careful. No improvement can be made unless it is.

Thirty-six years ago there appeared in the New York Evening Post a short letter signed "An Old Man," showing how to make a good cup of coffee. One of his statements was that the coffee ground in an old mill made better coffee than when ground in a new mill; the older the mill the better. But he did not give the why of the fact; for it is a fact. And so non-sensible readers would dismiss the thing as but an old man's fancy. An old mill crushes the berry, while a new mill cuts it. The crushing of the berry releases that which gives out the aroma; the cutting does not do that. In the East (Turkey, etc.) the coffee is bruised to an impalpable powder in a mortar—thus releasing all the essential oil in the berry. To get the highest pleasure from tea and coffee take each only once a day.

Harts to young housewives.

Hartshorn will usually restore colors that have been taken out by acid.

Many persons prefer almond meal or oatmeal to soap for washing face and

ontmeal to soap for washing face and hands.

To take out ink or iron-mold stains from white goods wet with milk and cover with salt.

For roughness, caused by exposure to wind, spenge the face with equal parts of brandy and rosewater.

Chloride of lime is an infallible preventive for rats, as they flee from its odor as from a pestilence.

The rooms of a house need ventilation in the daytime as well as in the night, and in the winter as well as in the summer.

Casters made of leather are a new invention, sure to prove useful. A sound leather easter will save many a rug or carpot.

answer to an invitation to attend a ban-quet in Boston on the anniversary of the birth of fhomas Jefferson. The letter concludes with the following tribute to the author of the immortal Declaration of Inde endence:

"All honor to Jeffer on, to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for independence by a single people, had the coolners, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary decument an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalan it there that to-day and in all coming days it shak be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the harbingers of reappearing tyranay and oppression."

Made It Walter a snow.

Made it was a new.

L. M.—Want me to pronounce marriage a failure?

M. E.—Well, yes.

I. M.—I wouldn't dare to. I'm married.—New York Weekly.

EPITAPHS were inscribed on tombs by the Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans.

Made it was a new.

Mr. Popsy (riefully examining his pips)—Who have con fouring with my did meetschaam?

Mrs. Popsy (a young bride)—Oh, darling, it was so old and thack and dirty that I put it in the k telen free and watched it ear fully antil it was burned to this lovely snow-white.—

Texas Siftings.